By drunken prophesies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if king Edward be as true and iust
As *I* am subtile, false and trecherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewd vp,
About a prophesie which saies that G.
Of Eedwards heires the murtherer shall bee.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with a guard of men.*
Here Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what means this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?

*Cla.* His maiestie tendering my persons safetie hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

*Glo.* Vpon what cause?

*Cla.* Because my name is George.

*Glo.* Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the Tower.
But what is the matter Clarence may I know?

*Cla.* Yea Richard when *I* know, for *I* protest
As yet *I* do not, but as *I* can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And saies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
These as *I* learne, and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.

*Glo.* Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis shee
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony woodvile her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe,



*Cla.* By heauen *I* thinke there is no man securde
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistresse Shoare:
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliuerie?

*Glo.* Humbly complaining to her deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her liuery.
The iealous oreworne widow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie gossips in this monarchy.

*Bro.* *I* beseech your graces both to pardon me:
His maiestie hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.

*Glo.* Euē so & please your worship *Brokenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the king
Is wise and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not iealous.
We say that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes.
How say you sir, can you deny all this?

*Bro.* With this (my Lord) my selfe haue naught to do.

*Glo.* Naught to do with Mistresse Shore. *I* tel thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone.

*Bro.* What one my Lord?

*Glo.* Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?

*Bro.* *I* beseech your Grace to pardon me, and with all forbeare
Your conference with the noble *Duke*.

*Cla.* We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.

*Glo.* We are the Queenes Abiects and must obey.
Brother farewell, *I* will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow sister,